

THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

VOL. III.]

HANOVER, (N. H.) WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1806.

[No. 22.]

SELECTIONS.

DIGNITY OF FEMALE LIFE.

WITHOUT the general concurrence of both sexes, in a prudent and virtuous conduct, the perfection of human nature is not to be attained. The influence which the fair sex have, and ought to have in life, is so great, that their good behavior can give a general turn to the face of human affairs; and a great deal more than is commonly imagined depends upon their discretion; since (to say nothing of their influence over our sex, in the characters of mistresses and wives) the minds of the whole species receive their first cast from woman-kind.

The dignity of female life, exclusive of what is common to both sexes, consists in an equal mixture of the reserve with benevolence in the virgin state, and affection and submission in that of marriage; a diligent attention to the forming of the tempers of children of both sexes in their earliest years, (for that lies wholly upon the mother) and the whole education of the daughters: for I know of none so proper for young ladies as a home-education.

The greatest errors and dangers to be avoided by ladies are comprehended in the following paragraphs.

Vanity in womankind is, if possible, more absurd than in the other sex. Men have bodily strength, authority, learning, and such like pretences, for puffing themselves up with pride: But woman's only peculiar boast is beauty. For virtue and good sense are never the subjects of vanity.

There is no endowment of less consequence than elegance of form and outside. A mass of flesh, blood, humours, and impurities, covered over with a well-coloured skin, is the definition of beauty. Whether is this more properly a matter of vanity, or of mortification? Were it incomparably more excellent than it is, nothing can be more absurd than to be proud of what one has had no manner of hand in procuring, but is wholly the gift of Heaven. A woman may as reasonably be proud of the lilies of the field, or the tulips of the garden, as of the beauty of her own face. They are both the works of the same hand; equally out of human power to give, or to preserve; equally trifling and despicable, when compared with what is substantially excellent; equally frail and perishing.

Affectation is a vice capable of disgracing beauty more than pimples, or the small-pox. I have often seen ladies in public places, of the most exquisite forms, render themselves by affectation and visible conceit, too odious to be looked at with disgust; who by a modest and truly female behavior, might have commanded the admiration of every eye. But I shall say the less upon this head, in consideration, that it is, generally speaking, to our sex that female affectation is to be charged. A woman cannot indeed become completely foolish, or vicious, without our assistance.

Talkativeness in either sex is generally a proof of vanity and folly, but is in womankind, especially in company with men, and above all with men of understanding and learning, wholly out of character, and peculiarly disagreeable to people of sense.

If we appeal either to reason, scripture, or universal consent, we shall find a degree of submission to the male sex to be an indispensable part of the female character. And to set up for an equality with the sex to which nature has given the advantage, and formed for authority and action, is opposing nature, which is never done innocently.

The great hazard run by the female sex, and the point in which their prudence or weakness appears most conspicuous, is in love matters. To a woman's conduct with regard to the other sex, is owing, more than to all other things, the happiness or misery of her existence in this world; for I am at present only considering things in a prudential light.

A woman cannot act an imprudent part in listening to the proposal of a lover, whether of the honorable or dishonorable kind, without bringing herself to ruin irretrievable. If she does but seem to hear with patience the wanton seducer, her fame is irrecoverably blasted, and her value for ever sunk. The mere suspicion of guilt, or even of inclination, soils her reputation; and such is the delicacy of virgin purity, that a puff of foul breath stains it; and all the streams that flow will not restore its former lustre. Nothing therefore can exceed the folly of so much as hearing one sigh of the dishonorable lover: His raptures are only the expressions of his impure desire. His admiration of the beautiful and innocent, is only the effect of eagerness to gratify his filthy passion, by the ruin of beauty and innocence. He pretends to love: But so may the wolf declare his desire to devour the lamb. Both love their prey: but it is only to destroy.

Again, with respect to honorable proposals, prudence will suggest to a woman, that the hazard she runs in throwing herself away, is incomparably more desperate than that of the other sex, who have every advantage for bettering or bearing their afflictions of every kind. The case of the man, who is unhappily married, is calamitous; but that of the woman, who has a bad husband, is desperate, and incurable, but by death.

If there be any general rule for ladies to judge of the characters of men, who offer them proposals of marriage, it may be, to find out what figure they make among their sex. It is to be supposed that men are generally qualified to judge of one another's merits; and as our sex are accustomed to less delicacy and reserve than the other, it is not impossible to come at men's real characters, especially with regard to their tempers and dispositions, upon which the happiness of the married life depends, more than upon capacity, learning, or wealth.

Too great a delight in dress and finery, be-

sides the expence of time and money, which they occasion, in some instances, to a degree beyond all bounds of decency and common sense, tend naturally to sink a woman to the lowest pitch of contempt among all those of either sex, who have capacity enough to put two thoughts together. A creature who spends its whole time in dressing, gaming, prating, and gadding, is a being originally indeed of the rational make; but who has sunk itself beneath its rank, and is to be considered at present as nearly on a level with the monkey species.

[Burgh's Dig. Hum. Nat.]

[The following essay, in very elegant language, and with very sensible reasons, exposes the danger of hasty and superficial studies.]—Port Folio.

ON THE ILL EFFECTS OF READING WITHOUT DIGESTING.

An analogy between the powers of the body and the faculties of the mind is obvious in many instances. The eye cannot survey a great space with the same accuracy, with which it views a single object at a nearer distance. It takes in the coarser parts indeed, but comprehends not the more minute, though not less beautiful appearances. Thus too the mind, when attentive to every part of knowledge, seldom attains to perfection in any single science. And daily experience evinces that the *Helluo Librorum*, the great reader and devourer of books, who is more studious of quantity than quality, and is led on by the love of novelty rather than of excellence, is rarely learned in an eminent degree.

Adages are commonly true, because founded on experience; 'the rolling stone gathers no moss.' To carry on the allusion, one may add, that, while the rolling stone is traversing the whole garden, the spade, in the space of a few yards, may gather the produce of a year.

Pliny, the younger, who is as remarkable for the justness of his sentiments, as well as for the elegant manner of expressing them, has given a hint on this subject, which, though comprised in a few words, may be more instructive than volumes of advice. After some remarks on cursory and superficial reading, he says, we should be content with few books, and study them perfectly.

We should read, says he, 'non multa sed multum.' The epigrammatic turn of the word fixes the precept stronger on the mind, and renders it more easy to be retained in the memory.

The powers of the human mind are not strong enough to acquire knowledge by intuition. This rapid mode of learning truth is reserved for beings of a superior order. To gain a complete knowledge, of a subject, in all its parts, it must be frequently reviewed and examined in every light—a process which requires time, labour, and attention: none of which will be in his power, who hastily passes from science to science, and with too much volatility to admit thought and recollection.

It frequently happens that men of natural parts are excelled by others, whose talents are originally inferior. Nor is this to be attributed to any other cause but the patience of labour which is frequently the concomitant of dulness, and which proves an ample compensation for the want of vivacity.

A man of slow understanding can stop to investigate obscurity step by step, till he brings light from darkness, can combat difficulties seemingly insurmountable, can repeat the same labor without fatigue, and review the same ideas without satiety: but the volatility of genius affects to pass over every thing disgustful, and voluntarily neglects those subjects which it cannot see through at a glance.

The fable of the tortoise and the hare is too obviously applicable to the present subject to admit quotation, could genius check that precipitation which precludes accurate inquiry, and perfect views; it might surely be capable of enlarging the boundaries of human knowledge, and of deriving to itself all the light of which the mind is susceptible; since it is a known truth, that hardly any difficulty is insurmountable, even to industrious stupidity.

Patiens, when at school, was not remarkable for the brightness of his parts, or the sensibility of his temper.

The compositions which he was obliged to bring as exercises, were not lively, elegant, or florid, but then they were seldom deficient in orthography or grammar. He disliked not the labour of seeking the words, he was unacquainted with, in his lexicon; and though he did not comprehend the full meaning and spirit of the author he read, he could tell the English of every word in his lesson, and trace it through all its grammatical variations. In short, he underwent every kind of literary labour, without weariness or discontent. After all the necessary forms of education, he at length entered into the profession of the law.

Velox, one of the contemporaries of Patiens, was fond of learning, and desirous of excelling in it: but he was of a quick apprehension, he was capable of construing a passage at one view, which would cost Patiens an hour's application. He, therefore, never read his lesson over twice, but diverted his fancy with the perusal of light modern publications, several volumes of which he would devour in a day.

Great hopes were entertained of the future eminence of so lively a genius. He went to the university, flattered by his friends, and elate with confidence in his own powers, but it soon appeared, that he who submitted to so little labour, while under authority, entirely relinquished study, when at his own disposal.

Plato, Aristotle, and Epictetus, remained untouched on the shelves; but the works of Fielding, Richardson, Smollet, together with those of every modern dramatic writer, were constantly on his table. If at any time he deigned to cast an eye over Coke upon Littleton, it was with the same levity and precipitation with which he read a monthly magazine. When at last he was called to the bar, and the time was come when he was to make his way to eminence by dint of merit, he found himself as much a stranger to the laws of England as an inhabitant of Otaheite. Chagrined by disappointment, and weary of learning, which he had never rationally pursued, he gave up all thoughts of rising in the world, and retired to a small estate in the country, where he lived and died an honest sportsman. Patiens, in the meantime, though he did not reach the

top of his profession, yet, from his known integrity and abilities as a counsellor, he was always supplied with a number of briefs, by which he acquired an affluent fortune, and lived universally respected as a man of untainted honour, strong sense, and profound learning.

ON SOCIAL AFFECTION.

Suck, little wretch, whilst yet thy mother lives,
Suck the last drop her fainting bosom gives;
She dies, her tenderness out-lasts her breath,
And her fond love is provident in death.

WEBB.

THE exquisite and pathetic little picture of maternal tenderness exhibited in the motto of this sketch, is a lively proof of that intensity of feeling which binds our race in gentleness together. The same sweet sensations that glow through the closer ties of society, which pant in the bosom of the husband and the father, pervade likewise the whole mass of being; and, though weaker in proportion to the distance of propinquity, yet cannot he be called wretched who receives, or communicates the smallest portion of their influence. From the impassioned feelings of the mother, to him who stands joyless on the verge of apathy, the tide of affection flows in a long and devious course. Clear, full, and vehement descends into the vale of life, where, after a short time, becoming tranquil and serene, it separates into many branches; and these, again dividing, wander in a thousand streams, dispensing, as they move along, the sweets of health and happiness. That no felicity exists independent of a susceptibility for these emotions is a certain fact; for to the heart of him who hath been cold to filial or fraternal duty, the soothing charm of friendship and of love will ever be unknown. It is, therefore, evident, that to be happy, man must invariably consult the well-being of others; to his fellow-creatures he must attribute the bliss which he enjoys; it is a reward proportional to the exertion of his philanthropy. Abstract the man of virtue and benevolence from society, and you cut off the prime source of happiness, he has no proper object on which to place his affection or exercise of his humanity, the sudden rapture of the grateful heart, the tender tones of friendship, and the melting sweetness of expressive love, no longer thrill upon his ear, or swell his softened soul; all is an aching void, a cheerless, and almost unproductive waste; yet even in this situation, barren as it is, where none are found to pour the balm of pity, or listen to the plaint of sorrow, even here some enjoyment is derived from letting loose our affections upon inanimate nature. "Were I in a desert," says Sterne, "I would find something in it to call forth my affections. If I could not do better I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to. I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection. I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert. If their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn; and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice with them."

That man was formed for society, seems a truth so well established, and the benefits arising from such an union, so apparent, that few would ever suppose it to have been doubted; yet have there been philosophers whom hypothesis, or the love of eccentricity, has led to prefer that period,

When wild in woods, the noble savage ran.

An election so absurd, merits not a serious refutation; every day's experience must convince the man of observation, that our happiness depends upon the cultivation of our social duties, upon the nurture of humanity and benevolence, that our crimes are nearly in proportion to the rupture of domestic harmony, and that the flagitious deeds which glare upon us with so horrid an aspect, are often the consequences of indirect deviation from the still small voice of duty and of love. He, who has been accustomed to despise the feelings of the son, the husband, and the friend, will not often be found proof against the allurements of interest and of vice. He, who, unless driven by hunger and despair, lifts up his daring arm to arrest the property or the life of his fellow creature, never felt those soft sensations which arise from the consciousness of being beloved, for let no man be called wretched who has this in reserve, let no man be called poor who has a friend to consult.

[To be continued.]

MORALITY.

"There hangs all human hope; that nail supports
Our falling universe."

THE conduct of mankind, notwithstanding they profess to be governed by reason, is often glaringly absurd and inconsistent. While every one readily assents to the importance of virtue and morality, how often are the votaries of these wounded by calumny and reproach! Religion is indispensably necessary for the support of civil society. Banish this, and laws will lose their force, order will be destroyed. Wherever we have seen a nation hewing down the tree of religion, and stripping it of its verdure, we have there seen anarchy and confusion.

Did the great duly consider their importance in society, if not their own happiness, at least that of others would lead them to be virtuous. Vice is a contagion, more dangerous than the plague or the pestilence. What avails the wise precepts of a musty book, or what the admonitions of him, who "peeps through the loopholes of retreat" to admonish a busy world; while vice is fostered in the walls of the gilded dome, or the splendid palace. Let those whom fortune has favoured with her smiles, remember, that on religion "hangs all human hope." This alone can make the miser rich, the courtier happy, and the prince truly great. This binds up the broken heart, and gently wipes the tear from the orphan and widow. How often has the proud traveller, pointing to some retired cottage, exclaimed, *there dwells religion*, there all is enjoyment. Though poverty threatens, though the driving storm pierces the hut, and death has more than once visited this humble abode; still a smile rests on the palid cheek, and hope bids the lonely inhabitant rejoice. He is happy. Not like the sensualist, who has bartered the enjoyment of years for the pleasures of a moment, nor like the miser who daily feasts his eyes on his hoarded wealth—no; his "heart sings for joy." Hope points him forward to brighter scenes where envy ceases to wound, where calumny ceases to reproach.

Every object, with which we are surrounded is admirably calculated to answer the end of its creation. Perfection is stamped on all the works of Deity. But man, deprived of religion and the prospects of immortality, is a picture of imperfections and wretchedness. Ambition, anxiety, and sorrow poison every source of enjoyment, and too often destroy every nobler passion. But when he looks up to the Author of his being, when he feels his immortality, his soul expands at the prospect. The frowns of fortune no longer disturb his repose. If in affliction he looks, with a hopeless eye, to his friends for relief, still he can rejoice; his prospects brighten at the decays of nature.

The most grand and sublime objects cannot move the stoic soul of an infidel. He views with indifference the murmuring rill, the verdant lawn, or the majestic grove. In vain imagination carries him to the rose, blushing in the wilderness; in vain it transports him to the distant parts of the Universe, and points out the order and harmony of this vast machine. Still he is unmoved.—But let religion with 'balmy wing' enter his savage bosom, and the clouds banish from his mind, hope drives anxiety from his fable brow, and love now warms the stoic soul.

(*Dart. Gaz.*)

S.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

LITERATURE.

THE science and taste of a people may be very accurately determined by the encouragement given to literary productions. The toys of children are pleasing to a savage, and ornaments, little more costly, to weak minds in civilized society. A beautiful person, clad in good apparel, may captivate the eye of the beholder; but a well cultivated mind affords still greater pleasure to those, who are capable of enjoying it. A man must possess considerable knowledge, to discover it in others. The powers of the mind are wisely formed for progressive improvement; and it is readily granted, that the capacity for happiness is increased in proportion, as the understanding is cultivated. This should operate as a strong inducement to every one of advancing his own condition and rendering himself more agreeable to his companions, by using each opportunity of acquiring instruction to the greatest advantage. Let none despair of success, for a resolute perseverance will overcome seemingly insurmountable difficulties.

To be ambitious of literary excellency, is laudable, is far different from that ambition, which endangers the lives and liberties of nations. Though self may be the principal object in view, yet its effects cannot be confined. An author, either induced to write for the sole purpose of gaining applause, or compelled by poverty's stern commands, if merit is displayed, gives equal satisfaction to himself and his readers. But without encouragement, literature will never flourish; while few find leisure, or disposition to read, less turn their attention to composing.

N.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

ON THE MEMORY.

IN the powers and faculties of the human mind Deity has displayed his benevolence to man. Properly cultivated and improved, they are productive of felicity; perverted and debased, the consequent unhappiness is not chargeable on the bounteous Giver.

In the nature and operations of these faculties there is an admirable harmony and connection. They may be compared to the wheels, weights and other component parts of a time-piece. While regulated by that unerring pendulum, an honest and upright heart, their motions are regular and uniform, and the effects beautiful. The heart depraved, the machine becomes irregular in its motions, and is no longer useful.

Memory is not the least important of the faculties which nature has given us. It may be defined, that power or faculty of mind by which we bring into view ideas which were formerly in the mind. By our senses, by consciousness, and reflection, we gain knowledge. By memory we treasure it up for occasional use. To this store house we recur at any time, and avail ourselves of our former acquisitions. Without this we should be emphatically the creatures of a moment. We could be conversant only with objects at the present time actually in the reach of our senses. Blest with the power of recollection we can recur to former times, and taste enjoyments long since past. When overwhelmed with the sorrows incident to man, and sinking under the weight of accumulated misfortunes, memory brings consolation to the afflicted heart. Memory transports us back to scenes of prosperity, gilds again our morning skies with brightest sunshine, and presents the joys of friendship, society and love. When we rise buoyant on the wings of prosperity, recollection heightens every enjoyment by placing frequently in our view the scenes of danger and distress we have passed, and discovering the happy contrast.

— "Our most disastrous chances,

"Our moving accidents by flood and field"

are now subjects of greatful recollection; we rejoice in the idea that they are past forever.

Behold a man bowed down with age and tottering to the grave. How few his enjoyments! how circumscribed his pleasures! His senses hebetated, all his corporeal powers failing. He retires within and finds in the pleasures of the mind his only solace. But even these now begin to disappear, for his mind also is affected by the general decay. When all is growing dark within, how cheering must be even the few rays of light which memory admits. Memory presents to him once more the scenes of active life; collects from distant countries his beloved children, calls perhaps the former friend of his bosom from the oblivious tomb, and presents them around him in a fireside circle. Is he not happy? In the gloom of December, how animating is the sun of May, smiling through the dismal cloud.

View an unhappy youth, driven by relentless war from the dwelling of his early years, his beloved parents, and endearing companions of his childhood. See him emaciated, weary, and exhausted, seeking that repose which flies from his bed of earth. Recollection conveys him to his paternal asylum; again he experiences the sedulous protection of maternal

fondness; again he joins in the diversions of his youthful companions.

What being more wretched; what object more fitted to pierce the heart of the compassionate, than an unhappy exile from his country, roaming in some unknown land, distressed and forsaken? or a miserable slave, sinking under the weight of inhuman oppression?—See him cast himself on the earth, and resign himself to despair. Memory, the blessed Goddess of consolation, appearing, whispers peace to his disturbed mind. She cheers him with a banquet, taken from the store-house which he filled in early youth. Hope glides gently in and offers him the bowl of anticipated pleasure. Through her perspective glass he views again his happy land, his freedom and his friends. They unite to animate and bless the sufferer.—O memory, thou gentle soother of my cares, what do I not derive from thee? O never mayest thou be impaired by my misuse; may intemperance never blunt thy energies, nor madness drive thee from thy dwelling.

But to many, memory is a just tormentor; to the base, the abandoned and the guilty. The giddy youth, who has wasted his paternal inheritance, destroyed his health by intemperance, and now lies in the valley of disgrace, poverty and misery, looks back with horror on his former life. To him it is no pleasure to see his riches and his pleasures pass in review before him. His memory presents to him his indulgent father, whose kindness he has despised, whose treasures he has wasted. But guilt casts between them a fable veil, through which the countenance of his father appears covered with frowns; he hears nothing but reproaches and anathemas from his lips.

If you can endure the sight of misery extreme, look at the wretched murderer, who has sisted in his own bosom the knowledge of his crime. See him left alone to contemplation, perhaps on a bed of down in a gilded palace. Memory replaces in his hand the murderous dagger; his friend lies bleeding, groaning at his feet. Spare him, O remorse.

Such is memory—And shall we, when we shall have passed the bounds of time, and entered the eternal world, shall we then retain this noble faculty? Yes, and interesting is the thought. Yes, to all eternity, we shall frequently look back on this preparatory state, on this present moment, either with complacency, or with horror. Let our conduct now be such, that we may rejoice forever in the retrospect.

LOAMMI.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A TRUE ANECDOTE.

Judge Toller, now lord Norbury, that execrable monster, to whom Robert Emmet observed, "if all the innocent blood, he had shed since he became a judge, was collected in one reservoir, his lordship might swim in it," was at a public dinner with Curran, the celebrated Irish lawyer—Toller observing Curran carving a piece of corned beef, told him "if it was hung beef, he would try it;" "if you try it, my lord," replied Curran, "I am sure it will be hung."

THE EFFEMINATE.

While nature Mollis' clay was blending,
Uncertain what the thing should end in,
Whether a female or a male,
A pin dropt in, and turn'd the scale.

SELECTED POETRY.

SPIRITUALITY.—BY BOYLE.

O SAY, celestial Muse ! whose purer birth
Disdains the low material ties of earth !
By what bright images shall be defin'd
The mystic nature of th' eternal Mind ?
Or how shall thought the dazzling height ex-
plore,
Where all that reason can—is to adore !

That God's an immaterial essence pure,
Whom figure can't describe, nor parts immure ;
Incapable of passions, impulse, fear,
In good pre-eminent, in truth severe :
Unmix'd his nature, and sublim'd his pow'rs,
From all the gross alloy that tempers ours ;
In whose clear eye the bright angelic train
Appear diffus'd with imperfection's stain !
Impervious to the man's, or seraph's eye,
Beyond the ken of each exalted high ;
Him would in vain material semblance feign,
Or figur'd shrines the boundless God contain ;
Object of faith !—he shuns the view of sense,
Lost in the blaze of fightless excellence !
Most perfect, most intelligent, most wise,
In whom the sanctity of pureness lies ;
In whose adjusting mind the whole is wrought,
Whose form is spirit ! and whose essence,
thought !
Are truths inscrib'd by Wisdom's brightest
ray,
In characters that gild the face of day !

Reason confess'd, (howe'er we may dispute)
Fix'd boundary ! discovers man from brute ;
But dim to us, exerts its fainter ray,
Depress'd in matter, and ally'd to clay !
In forms superior kindles less confin'd,
Whose dress is æther, and whose substance
mind ;
Yet all, from Him, supreme of Causes, flow,
To him their pow'rs and their existence owe ;
From the bright cherub of the noblest birth,
To the poor reasoning glow-worm plac'd on
earth ;
From matter then to spirit still ascend,
Thro' spirit still refining, higher tend,
Pursue, on knowledge bent, the pathless road,
Pierce through infinitude in quest of God !
Still from thy search, the centre still shall fly,
Approaching still—thou never shalt come nigh !
So its bright orb, th' aspiring flame would join,
But the vast distance mocks the fond design.

If He, Almighty ! whose decree is fate,
Could, to display his pow'r, subvert his state ;
Bid from his plastic hand a greater rise,
Produce a master ! and resign his skies !
Impart his incommunicable flame,
The mystic number of th' Eternal Name !
Then might revolting reason's feeble ray,
Aspire to question God's all-perfect day !
Vain task ! the clay in the directing hand,
The reason of its form might so demand,
As man presume to question his dispose,
From whom the pow'r, he thus abuses, flows.

Here point, fair Muse ! the worship God re-
quires,
The soul inflam'd with chaste and holy fires !
When love celestial warms the happy breast,
And from sincerity the thought express'd ;
Where genuine piety and truth refin'd,
Re-consecrate the temple of the mind ;
With grateful flames the living altars glow,
And God descends to visit man below !

THE MANIAC.

Say, who is the man, who on yon dizzy height,
Where rocks upon rocks stretch up from the
fight ;

As wand'ring there lately, I view'd,
His arms o'er his breast, in anguish he press'd,
And to the pale moon, rolling o'er, he address'd
His wild eyes, as all frantic he stood.

A skin o'er his shoulders, the maniac had drawn,
And he sought a cold cave at the sight of the
dawn.

There alone all the long day to spend.
But when darkness had spread her black veil
o'er his head,
Oh ! then would he start and leave his rush bed,
His wild steps to the plain would he bend.

There 'mid the dank grass, which wav'd to
the breeze,
Would he lay himself down beneath the lone
trees,

And gaze on the stream which ran by.
Sometimes he would lave his cold hand in the
wave,
Then start at the shriek, which the boding
owl gave,
And answer each breeze with a sigh.

His name is mad Ofric, when youth smil'd
around,

In gaiety none could his equal be found,
He welcom'd each morn with a song,
Where'er he appeared, joy and pleasure were
heard,

His smiles, and his cheerfulness had him en-
deared,
To all the gay swains of the throng.

He saw the fair Elfa, the maid soon he lov'd,
She heard his fond vows, his passion approv'd,
And vow'd she would wed him alone :
The friends were invited ; the feast was pro-
vided,
And at hand was the day which could have
decided,
And made him and Elfa but one.

And now, as together they wandered along,
Heard the lark's jocund tune or the thrushes
blythe song,
And gaily the circling hours flew.
Sudden dark gloomy clouds wrapp'd the skies
in black shrouds,
And the roaring of thunder a tempest forbodes,
And rudely the whistling winds blew.

Now blacker and blacker, the clouds hover
round,
And loud o'er their heads the rough thunders
found,

And the earth wide re-echoes their roar :
As the light'nings now play'd, a flash struck
the maid,
The shaft wing'd by fate but too surely sped
And—repose Ofric never knew more.

[Port Folio.]

LOVE.—By YOUNG.

LOVE calls for Love. Not all the pride of
beauty :

Those eyes, that tell us what the sun is made of ;
Those lips, whose touch is to be bought with life ;
Those hills of driven snow, which seen are felt :
All these possess are nought, but as they are
The proof, the substance of an inward passion,
And the rich plunder of a taken heart.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Advice to a Coquette.

Gentle, charming, lovely creature,
Why will you disguise your nature ?
Whilst you and I are just alike,
In different ways the same thing like.
For you it must be nicely strain'd ;
For me no matter how it's gain'd.
But nature prompted, yet your pride
Can not consent ere you're a bride.
Yet spite of fate we both are flimsy,
And love to conquer, from mere whimsy,
Those wretches, whom we would not choose
As partners of our lives to use—
Yet to amuse ourselves, amuse 'em,
Not quite accept, nor quite refuse 'em.
For want of better, any thing.
Coquette or rake, a queen or king.
But this must always be done slyly,
For love, in spite of honor's wily—
Yet every prude and charming coquette,
Blazing with ribbons, lace and locket ;
Whilst half exposing to the fight
Her swelling bosom, snowy white,
Is tender of her sacred honor,
Lest truth should cast a slur upon her.
Then spare the truth for fear of strife,
And be a sycophant for life.
Thro' muslin, muck, and silk still dash on,
And dress, and think, and speak in fashion.
Nor brave the tons and tippy's torrent,
But go politely with the current.
To speak plain truths would be uncivil,
And break the league with fashion's devil ;
Who might get mad, and much abuse you,
And yet for selfish purpose use you.
For rogues and jilts, to gain their ends,
Claim truth and honor as their friends,
And even sometimes candor ape,
Altho' it ill becomes their shape.

Almighty fashion ! let's salute her,
And never more let us dispute her,
Lest we expose our want of sense,
By doubting her omnipotence ;—
For, as a general rule we find,
Fashion stamps honor on the mind.
With too much truth forbear to joke her,
And freely give her up the poker.
The motto of poor blundering Pat
Holds good in this, as well as that ;
For touch my honor, touch my life,
'Mongst high and low is still the strife ;
And fashion still with various feature
Makes honor her poor slavish creature,
Ev'n conscience from mere custom springs,
And means a thousand foolish things.
Then cease to rage, to storm and scold,
Nor be too hot, nor yet too cold ;
Till honor and conscience at all times,
In every country, in all climes,
Shall be the same in every place,
In every circumstance and case ;
Which if we see 'twill be a wonder,
And all will cry, see yonder ! yonder !

SENSATION.

PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER WEDNESDAY,
BY M. Davis.